Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Fraucis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis*?

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone ſir.

Prince. How old art thou *Francis*?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, t'was but a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch a calling? looke to the Gheſtes within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore: *Poines.*

Poines. Anone, anone ſir. *Enter Poines.*

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer; come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of al humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent Twelue a cloke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prin. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſtry is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* mind, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee cal in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, ſaies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou beene?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry & Amen: giue me a cup of ſack boy. E're I lead this life long. Ile ſow neather ſtocks, & mend them, & foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter, pittifull hearted *Titan* that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.